

SUNSHINE SONGS

Songs for the Voice, Piano forte and Organ.

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|------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 174. I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU. <i>2nd Verse.</i> | 175. REMEMBER ME WHILE THE HEART CAN BEAT |
| 176. OUGHT MY LITTLE IS IT SO? | 176. EVERDALE |
| 177. LOVING HEARTS. | 177. THE UNKNOWN MAN. |
| 178. THE FOREMAN | 178. THE BOSTON ROAD TO HIS OWN DOOR. |
| 179. HOPE ON. | 179. MUST I REIGN SO THEN A PRINCE? |
| 180. HOPE'S SHADOW. | 180. THE ANGEL GUY WILL SOONLY COME. |

Anthony Philip Heinrich.

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VOICE:

MODERATO. M. M. $\text{♩} = 104.$

Chorus, 1st Verse. $\text{♩} = 92.$

PIANO:

O, tell me not the

world is dark, With shadows lengthening to the tomb! Mine eyes would rather

fondly seek Where sunlight flashes through the gloom. And I would turn to

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error dwell, If truth such darkness here in-parts— And rather die than

e'er dispel My dream of Lov-ing Hearts, And rather die than

e'er dispel My dream of Loving Hearts, My dream of Loving

Hearts.

cantata and Gloria.

Their perfume would forsake the flowers. The golden hours of summer fade. The

hush'd birds droop in withered bowers, And many brooklets sink to slates; And

e'er the work of living things Would tell the gloom that nigh's before, If

For swift Repression,
From our bright i - - magi - ions, Were banished lov - - ing

Heart, If from our bright Imaginings, Were
 lashed Loving Heart, Were lashed Loving
 Heart, Expresses,

a long.

The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (soprano or alto clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'a long.' (ad libitum). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line.

CODA BRILLIANT.

a Trump solo.

They are a-round us and a-bout Half hidden—as in wild wood

leaves, Close now, —the some white-breasted dove; And

he is hap-py who he-likes That they are fir-ing,

though un-seen, Like light, are from the cloud it starts; And

Propheta.

he is tre - - ly blest, I ween, Who loves these Lor - - - - - ing

Hearts, And he is tre - - ly blest, I ween, Who

loves these Loving Hearts. Lor - - - - - ing, for - - - - - ing

Hearts.